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Virgil Hyatt.
Macom High School

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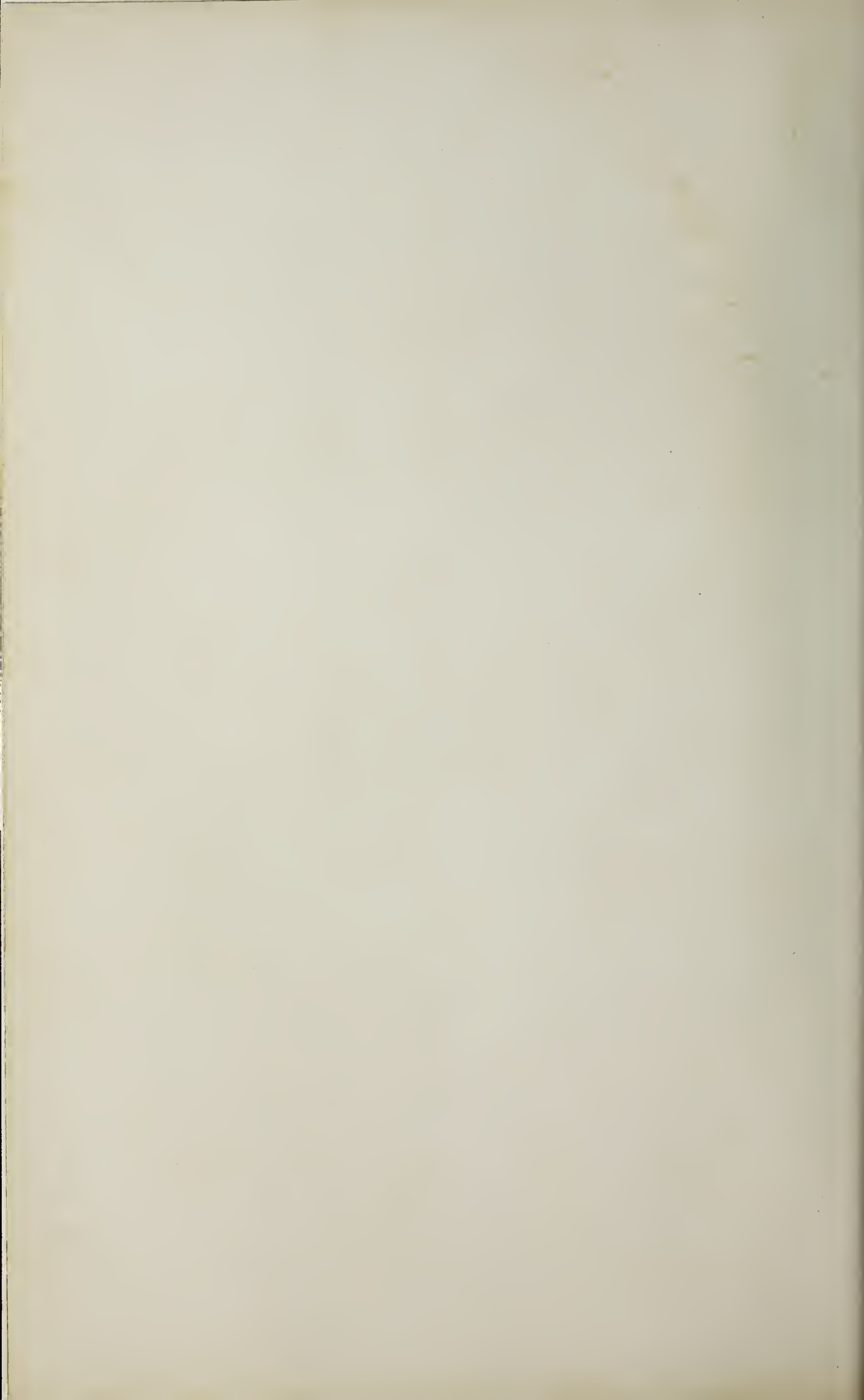
M A G O N
H I G H
S C H O O L

"OIP"



12

Vol.IV



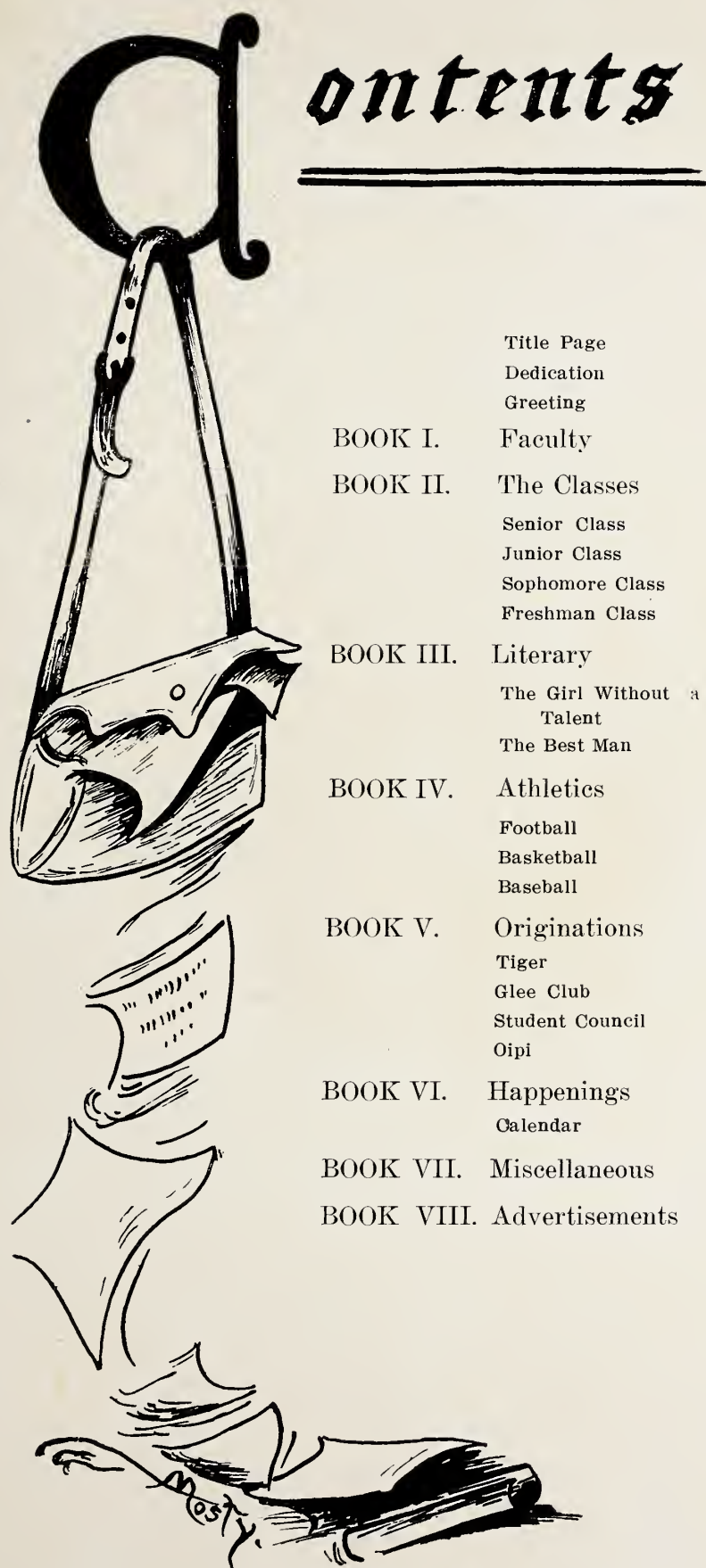
Dedication

TO THE STAFF OF THE 1909
Oipi, to those who first conceived and made possible the publishing of this book, we, the staff of 1912, respectfully dedicate this, the fourth volume of the M. H. S. Oipi.

Greeting

TO THOSE WHO MAY ENTER THE portals of this brief record we, the Oipi staff of 1912, extend greeting.

Long hours have we toiled upon this, our masterpiece, and now it is finished. Our efforts have been exerted to make this volume superior to its predecessors, to approach as near as is possible, the summit of that high peak, Perfection. Wafted on by enthusiasm and strengthened by determination we have compiled this small history. Thus we now present to you the fourth volume of the Macon High school "Oipi" for your inspection. But remember the significance of this book, its mission in the future—when our hair is silvery and our eyes are growing dim, to turn through these pages and live over this one year of our school life, which will shine like a bright star in our past.



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"The 23rd Slam."

The faculty is my guide and stay; I shall not want.

They maketh me lie down in the cradle of knowledge, and they leadeth me by all temptations, lest by chance I cribbeth in "exams."

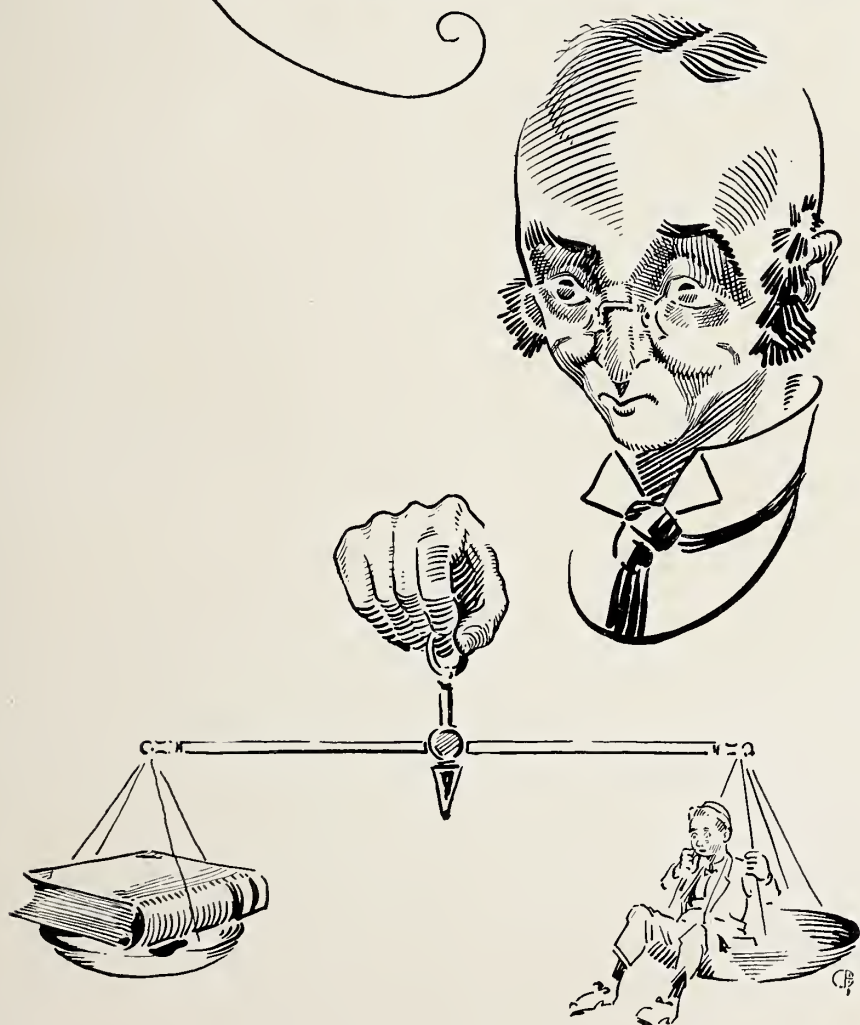
They watcheth my conduct for fear of a "rough house," and kicketh me out for the school's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the pathway of ignorance, I fear no evil, for they are with me. With the rule and the rod they comfort me.

They "bawleth" me out and giveth me a flogging in the presence of mine enemies. They anointeth my head with books till my brain runneth over.

Surely they will flunk me and their presence shall follow and haunt me all the days of my life. I shall dwell in the great house of Knowledge for ever and ever. Amen.

The FACULTY





Mr. S. E. SEATON, B. P.

Superintendent Macon public schools.

B. P. Kirksville State Normal 1896.

Principal Princeton, Mo., High school 1895-97.

Principal Norborne, Mo., High school 1897-1901.

Superintendent Kahoka, Mo., public schools 1901-08.

Superintendent Macon, Mo., public schools 1908-12.



MISS ALMA WALKER, B. S.

Principal and instructor in History.

Warrensburg State Normal 1894.

E. S. University of Missouri 1910.

Instructor in English, Macon High school
1901-08.

Principal Macon High school 1903-08, 1911-12.

Instructor in History, Macon High school
1910-12.



MR. CLYDE A. DORSEY, B. P.

Instructor in Science.

B. P. Kirksville State Normal 1911.

Instructor in Science, Macon High school
1911-12.



MISS EDITH CARHART, B. S. D.

Supervisor of Music, Macon public schools.

B. S. D. Warrensburg State Normal 1897.

Supervisor of music and drawing, Mexico,
Mo., public schools 1897-1901.

Supervisor of Music, Macon public schools
1909-12.



MISS ELSIE RESOR, A. B., B. S.

Instructor in Languages.

A. B. and B. S. University of Missouri 1910.

Instructor in languages, Kahoka, Mo., High school 1910-11.

Principal Kahoka High school 1910-11.

Instructor in languages, Macon High school 1911-12.



MISS ETHEL JOHNSTON, Ph. B.

Instructor in Mathematics.

Ph. B. Missouri Valley College 1910.

Instructor in Mathematics, Macon High school 1910-12.



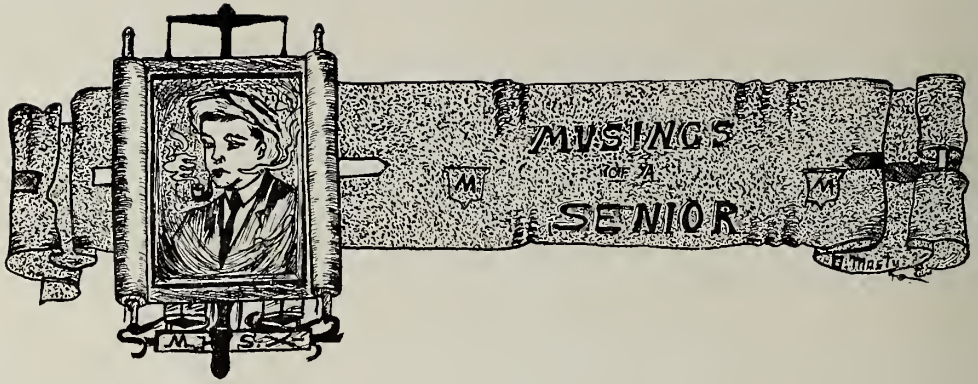
MISS ANNA PRITCHARD, B. L.

Instructor in English.

B. L. LaGrange College 1907.

Instructor of English, Macon High school 1908-12.





“Well, I’m here at last! A Senior! Sounds good, don’t it? Now how I ever came to get here I don’t know for I certainly had all the bad luck anybody could have. Had a rabbit’s foot, too, but that didn’t seem to help much.

“Gee, but I must have been a green one when I was a Freshman. I remember the first day I came here. I thought this was about the finest place on earth. I found out different though in a few days. That was when I had a little business call from a few of the Sophomore boys. Really an entertaining call, too, (for them.) I felt like I had fallen into a volcano. But anyway I took off my loud sox and that orange and black sweater and quit asking questions of the upper classmen.

“Then came the exams, those instruments of torture applied by the teachers at the end of each semester. Whew, they were hard. But I got by somehow; pity plea, sympathy act, sob story and all that, you know. Then I had hardly gotten over that one till here came another; had me on the jump but somehow I passed that one.

“Then I was a Sophomore. You know how that is; you get that “sweet sixteen and never been kissed” feeling. Wear loud sox and a rah-rah hat. I got to be quite a ladies’ man, too. Winked at a Junior girl and nearly got my head knocked off by her Senior fellow. Tried out for football team. “Piggie” was playin’ then. He set on my head just once and then I decided football wasn’t my game. Went in for basketball, then somebody smashed me in the eye. Couldn’t see for about a week. I decided to quit that. Then I tried out for track team. Some fellow running behind me spiked me and I had to hobble around on crutches. I decided then that baseball was the game I was cut out for. I tried out for catcher; got too close to the bat. You know the rest.

"In the meantime I flunked in Algebra and Latin and had to study all summer. Then I came back, took the exams over and got to be a Junior.

"Well, here's where every teacher got down on me. Played a little music box in study hall and got sent up to Seaton. Had a little interview with Miss Pritchard on etiquette in the study hall. Sassed Miss Johnston in Geometry and got another dime lecture. Got to hollering about ring athletics and flunked in Physics. Wouldn't join Mrs. Allen's dramatic club of misled mortals and got canned out of Latin. Got along in History all right until I stuck a hat pin in the kid in front of me, then it was all off. Even Summers got down on me for smoking in front of the school building. That was too much of a good thing. Then I flunked in three subjects in the finals. Had a little row at home, so I packed my duds and flew the coop.

"Finally I got tired of doing the James Eads How act and came back home. Father and I gave a little song and dance stunt to the accompaniment of a black snake whip. Mother cried and "went on" and made me feel bad. Started back to school, made up work and got along pretty well. Tried to hold me up for a picture in that nuisance, the Oipi, and when I wouldn't pay they called me chicken. Well, I might have been but I had a few feathers besides pin feathers. Then came the exams and thank the Lord I passed. I have to thank Him for no other person could have helped me.

"So here I am a Senior. Caused three or four explosions in chemical lab, turned a mouse loose in study hall, went with the girls and tried to boss the student council and passed the first finals with ease (liar.) Balked on buying class pins; had one interview with the school board and carried on in general. So here I am facing either my Austerlitz or my Waterloo in these last finals. By the way, if you don't know about those two names ask Miss Walker."



JOHN PILE

"A youth there was of quiet ways,"
 "A student of old books and days."

Captain Basketball '12

President Senior class

Tiger staff '11

Secretary Student Council '12

The basket ball hero, plays the game with a will. Quite a ladies' man. Spends most of his time looking after his little brother "Lengthy."

EDITH WADDELL

"Still water runs deep."

Oipi staff '11

Tiger staff '11

Secretary Senior class

One of the guiding spirits of the 1911 Oipi.

Has had some quite romantic associations, namely, Mr. and Mrs. R. Meyers. Studious and ambitious.



ROBERT MITCHELL

"A February face, so full of storm and cloudiness."

Boys' Glee Club '11 and '12

"Bob." Takes out enough time in each recitation to see if his tongue will still rattle. Senior cyclone. Appears regularly in assembly hall at 9:25 and 1:10.



GLADYS GIPSON

"A maiden modest, yet self possessed."

Girls' basketball '11

A friend of Irene. They both use the same powder rag. Has athletic aspirations; played guard on the girls' team.

BURNEY EPPERSON

"Huge and cumbersome was his frame."

Football '11.

Marshal Student Council '12

"Dick." Trying to live down his reputation as a heart smasher. Much study hath made him mad.



EDITH BELSHER

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."

Girls' Glee Club '11 and '12.

High school pianist '11 and '12

"Little Eva." Not open to proposals of any kind. The man hater of the Senior class. Plays in study hall each morning



IRENE MILES

"I am a woman; when I think I must speak."
 Girls' basketball '11
 A great flirt. Has a complexion that is
 "excellent if God did it all." Favorite of the
 teachers because of her studious habits.

PAUL REESE

"I have forgiven and forgotten all."
 Rube Hornsby's orchestra '11
 Student Council '12
 "Chubby." Takes his education on the in-
 stallment plan.
 Took a Southern trip "just for a lark."
 "Nobody but niggers work down there," he
 says.



DORA McKEE

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."
 Girls' basketball '11
 "Doadie." Very prim and precise. Met a
 boy at Brookfield that knew her brother and
 became immediately interested.



EDGAR BURKHART

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

President Student Council '12

Basketball '12

Rube Hornsby's orchestra '11

Tiger staff '12

Oipi staff '11

"Burkie." Very witty (?) Great politician;
has the rest of them beat a mile. Also has
athletic aspirations. Receives Leap Year pro-
posals.



RUTH LOVE

"Labor and perseverance conquer all things."

Shy and modest but works steadily on-
ward. Keeps an eye on the doings of brother
Joe.



WILLIAM MILLER

"He hath a heart as sound as a bell,
And his tongue is the clapper,
For, what his heart thinks he speaks."

Basketball manager '12

Vice president Senior class

Oipi staff '11

Tiger staff '12

Boys' Glee club '11 and '12

Rube Hornsby's orchestra '11

"Bill." A great smasher. "All the girls
like me." Information bureau (?) on all sub-
jects. His athletic career started with basket-
ball.



JOE LOVE

"This world to me is like a lasting storm."

Student Council '12

Tiger staff '12

"Cutey." "Dick's" advisor and associate in all love affairs. Tells all he knows but says very little. Strangely attracted by Freshman girls.

PEARL WILLIAMSON

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

Quiet in demeanor but powerful loud on grades and voice. A member of the Cherry Top Club and a suffragette.



HARRY HOLVEY

"I pray thee cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profitless as water into a sieve."

Football '11

Boys' Glee Club '11 and '12

Rube Hornsby's orchestra '11

"Rufus." Made in the likeness of a man but chews his cud in likeness to an ox. Believes in the future rise of the Irish nation.



MABEL ZOLLMAN

"Always thoughtful, kind and untroubled."

Treasurer Senior class

Oipi staff '11

Has artistic aspirations. The '11 Oipi
testifies as to her ability.



ORR REED

"His looks were crulled as they were layed in
press."

Rube Hornsby's orchestra '11

"Red." A great blower—on the cornet.
Member of the High School Cherry Top Club.
Carries a comb and looking glass incessantly.
Please don't muss my hair.





The graduating class of 1913 has two numerals that they should be proud of; namely 1-3.

When first the class of '13 entered into the halls of the M. H. S. it was found that 13 extra seats were needed in each class room to seat them.

The second day of school the noble Seniors were shocked to find that 13 Freshmen were brave enough to "sass" them.

Thirteen days after school opened 13 Freshman boys attacked the "Soph" boys and whipped them, in a hot contest which lasted 13 seconds by the clock, by knocking out 13 of their best men. It is well to mention that 13 seats were broken in this fight.

On the 13th day of January (1910) the faculty deemed it best to give 13 Freshmen their passports and release them from the duties of the M. H. S.

At the end of the year four times 13 Freshmen were made Sophomores for the coming year.

Only three times 13 enrolled as Sophomores. One of the most important events of the year was when the business manager of the "Oipi" had 13 fits because 13 Sophomores refused to pay for their pictures.

On the 13th day of January (1911) two Sophomore boys gave to the M. H. S. its first paper.

On the 13th day of September (1911) the class of '13 held a meeting in room 13 and elected the staff for the "Oipi." Ideas for the "Oipi" came in lots of 13 which drove the editor-in-chief mad and for 13 days he was locked in padded cell No. 13 at the county jail, which is 13 blocks from the office of the "Oipi."

After 13 days——

Note—The author failed to finish this article as he had to be taken to the county jail and locked in padded cell 13, when he learned from the faculty that he would have to carry 13 subjects next year if he expected to graduate with the class of '13.



Boyd Abrams

"That Western fellow." Can tell some interesting things about the Aztecs.

Josephine Heifner

Entertains matrimonial intentions. And this is leap year, too.

Howard Miller

"Doc." A friend of Grace. Takes regular naps in Latin.

Blanche Summers

She is always the same. A jolly good fellow.

Don D. Patterson

President '13. "Well, what is plot?" Also a journalist. Where you see Chet you see Pat, and vice versa.

Alta Stacy

"Now wait a minute. Oh, Heck!" Seems to know the significance of that "out in the garden" worm diet for melancholy.



Clarence Miller

"I can go with any girl in H. S." A dashing young heartbreaker. Oh, listen to the wind blow.

Iva Jobson

"Ah, lovely queen." Once lived in the city. "Such eyes, too."

Chester Chope

Vice president '13. "Did you bring that money for the picture? Hang it, we've got to have it." A promising journalist.

Mary March

"He calls me silly." Human talking machine. Great friend of Mr. Dorsey.

Virchow Powell

Turn off the porch light, please. Expects to be a chemist. Maybe.

Canna Dowell

Knows the history of College Mound by heart, so they say.



ROSCOE PILE

"Lengthy." A graceful little boy. Very popular with the girls.

Adeline Reed

"How I love those Freshmen girls." Neither man nor woman please her.

Harry Bachstein

Self educated by reading—(Diamond Dick)
"And the villian still pursued her."

Reba Raines

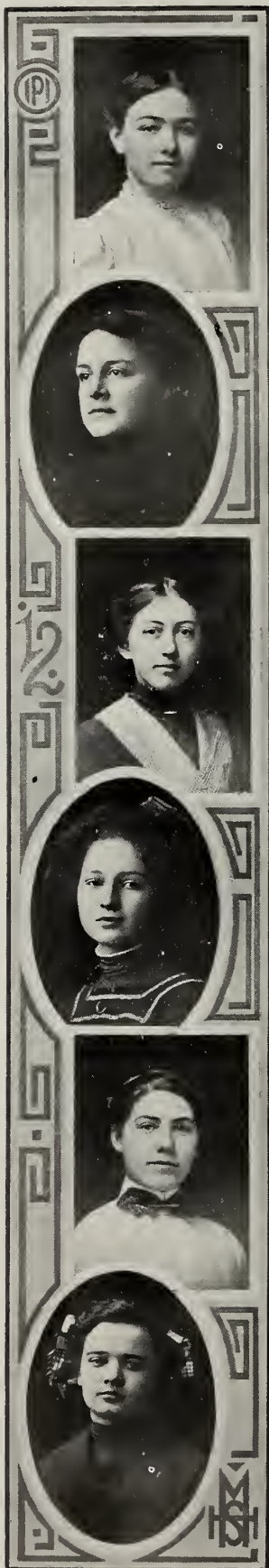
Secretary '13. The Junior coquette. A charming young brunette. "Yes, that's one of my fellows."

Elmer Gieselman

"Plenty more in the pitcher, boys." Our track team star.

Louisa Kem

"I just hate Physics." Very dainty and demure. Also very studious.



Leona Decker

She is bright beyond a doubt. So graceful and petite.

Gertrude Jobson

A nice little girl.

Ida McKee

She is pensive and melancholy. Wonder who he is?

Ethel Moore

Very accomplished and studious. Popular with the boys.

Ida Anspaugh

"The boys are so nice." Likes bright colors, cardinal, etc.

Irene Butler

One of the star students. But my, how loud she talks.



Otelia Mosty

Treasurer '13. "But this is so hard to draw."
Has a great future before her as an artist.

Jewel Williamson

Such a sweet voice. Miss Pritchard's pet?
Has a big sister.

Fern Roy

Likes big boys with red hair. "If you want to
know anything ask me."

Mae Brock

A steady worker. Slow but sure.

SOPHOMORES



G. M. S. y.

Sophomore Outlook

VOL. XIV

FEBRUARY 17, 1917

NO. 17



Lloyd Elrod, President.

Hereafter, at intervals, copies of the 1914 Outlook will appear. The object of this journal is to herald to the world the shortcomings and successes of the various members of the class of '14 and also alumni of Macon High school. Owing to circumstances, which are not especially favorable, the name of the editor and publisher will not be printed in this issue.

IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

Among the notable works of literature of the present century are the following volumes written by '14 classmen:

"A Dream of Socrates, or the Philosophy of Hydrophobia," by Elmer VanFleet, is the most notable among these. This interesting volume has enjoyed a great sale; having been printed in three de-luxe editions. Probably the greatest inducement for its sale is its sleep producing qualities.

"Why I Am Not Like Bryan," an autobiographical work by the late Lloyd Heifner is a very entertaining spasm. It contains many very strong and convincing reasons for the author's statement.

"Twentieth Century Adventures of a Prehistoric Specimen," by Robert Realing; is one of the most thrilling novels in history. It is the realistic theme which holds the interest, the story being the adventures of the author and his twin brothers.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Miss Adnee Wright, the great prima donna of the "Last Chance" Opera Co., scored a great hit at Excello in the Epperson Theatre by the rendition of the late ballad, "You've Got to Quit Kicken' My Dawg Around."

Charles Dorrel, the successor of Kubelik, is playing this week at the "Bijou" on Rollins and Chestnut. It is worth a nickel to hear this artist.

Miss Grace Moody, the great pianist, has returned from a tour of Africa. She states that music does tame the savage.

Vaughn Gross, lately connected with I. M. Broke & Co., is playing now at the "Bijou" theatre.

IN THE CIRCUS RING.

George Holvey, alias Red, is now managing the Ringtail and Sur-claws Bros.' Famous Menagerie and Shell Game.

Edmund Kearns of "Saturday Evening Post" fame, has a new dare devil stunt which he calls "The triple kajinks." This act consists

of looping the loop three times in a motor boat on top of a flat car of sawdust.

The acrobatic team of Lucas, Summers, Cook and Miller is touring China under the direction of "Red." This team presents a very enlightening scream.

THE ATHLETES.

Lloyd Elrod, the star of the Chicago Nationals, has been given a substantial raise of mazuma.

Vickery Savage, the former hope of the white race, announced his retirement from the ring after a six-round match with Charles alias Kid Stults.

THE GIRLS.

Fortunately or unfortunately most of the young ladies of the '14 class have kept in and out of the divorce courts.

Among those who are on the sea of matrimony are: Miss Virgie Hyatt now Mrs.——; Jennie Williams, now Mrs. M.; Laveta Sneary, Faun Miller, Clare March, Lydia Simpson, Pearl Brown and Mabel Erwin.

From the class of '14 is composed one of the most militant suffragette organizations, "The Amalgamated Association of Down Trodden Women." This organization is led by Emily Franklin and has the following membership: Deloia Brammer, Elsie Reed, Rubey Skinner, Vernice Miles, Hattie Anspaugh and Vernia White.

AGRICULTURAL.

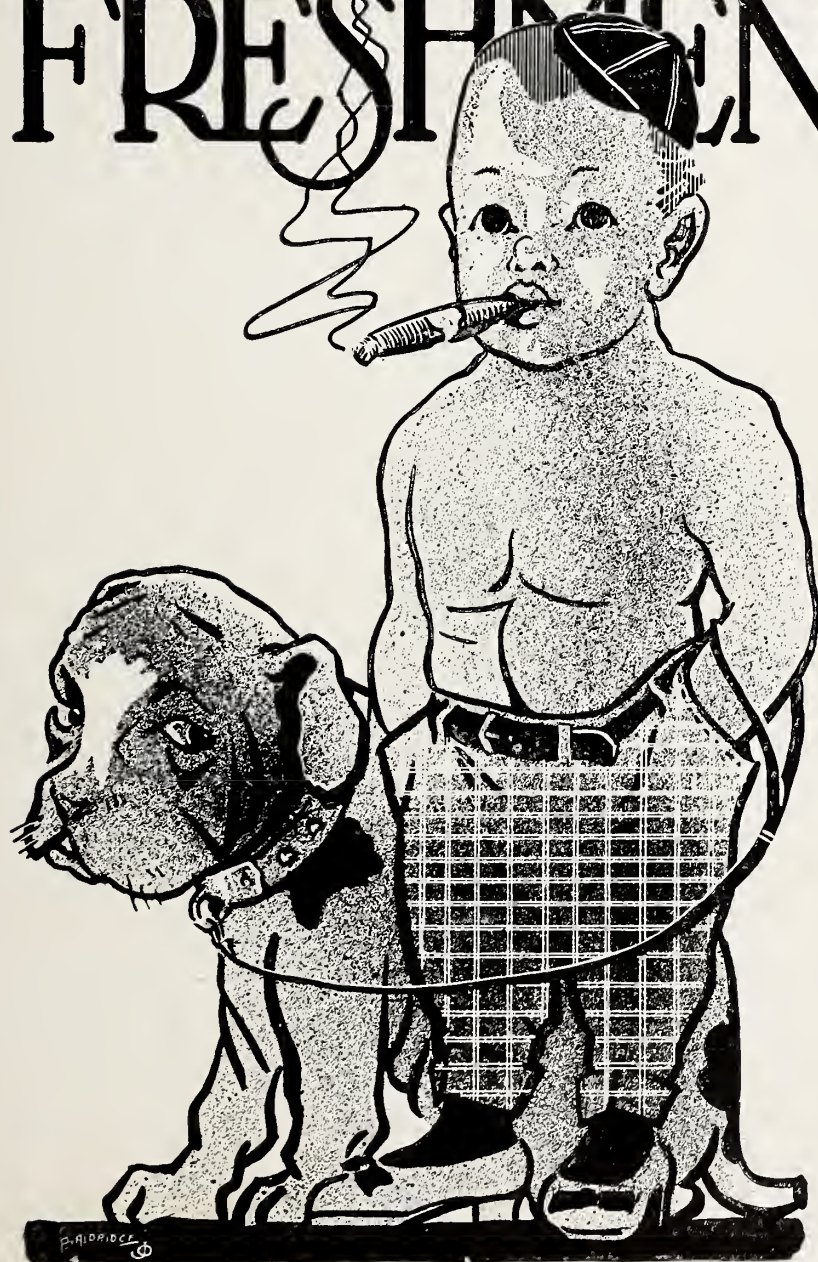
Mention should be made here of Fred Muff and Elmer Pohlman, two agricultural experts, who have discovered why corn grows from a seed and not a bulb. They have also made another very interesting discovery as to the horse power developed by a kicking mule.







FRESHMEN



Excerpts From a Freshman's Diary



Wayne McQuary, President.

September 4—School started today. Gosh, but it's great to be a Freshman. When I went in the study hall this morning all the Junior and Senior boys yelled something about raw oysters and ma. But I can't help it if my ma comes to school with me the first day.

September 19—Them doggoned Juniors and Seniors needn't get so cute. We had a picnic out to Crystal Lake and the whole blamed bunch come out there. I'll be hanged if I'm going to pay my nickel and let them fools have all the fun.

September 25—I'm going to slam somebody in the head if they don't leave me alone. As I was comin' home this evening a bunch of Sophs paddled me. I'm going to beat up the whole darn bunch. Pa said I could.

January 22—I've flunked in two subjects now and the old man beat me for it about an hour ago. Hang them stuck up old maids anyhow. Pa said I couldn't have no new spring suit and then I can't go see my girl.

January 31—Got another chance at the exams and passed so I'm still a Freshie.

February 21—You ought to see the collar old Alex Miller's got on. Some of the boys said he was married but I don't believe it. I don't see how any self-respectin' girl would have him. I know I wouldn't.

March 4—If that pin-headed Chester Chope don't quit hangin' around for my two bits for the Freshman picture, I'm going to cuss. I'll pay that when I get ready and anyway I spent fifteen cents last week and pa won't give me any more. You just wait till I get that fifty cents a week job. Then you'll see who's a sport.

May 24—School's out now and I've flunked again. The old man said I was the black sheep of the family. I guess I am black from the way he beat me. I can't sit down yet. And then I've got to go to summer school. I know what I'll do, I'll go out and commit suicide.





Literary



The Girl Without a Talent

Irene Butler.

"Oh, what's the use anyway?" exclaimed Barbara Castle, as she stretched her arms above her head. "I can never hope to be popular and accomplished like Violet Meyers. Look what a hit she made at the last class entertainment. I couldn't give a reading in public even if I had the ability; I should die of fright. I suppose I'm too childish. I can't help going into ecstasies over a picnic in the woods or a botany tramp and such things. Violet likes them, too, but she never gets flustered or excited and is always as fresh and smooth at the return as when she starts out. I never get in without a torn dress or scratched hands or some species of insect life which I want to study and eventually drive the girls away from my room until it is removed. Violet screams when she sees me touch a grasshopper or a caterpillar, but I suppose that it is lady-like and I'll never gain any favor until I go and do likewise."

She ended in such a tragic tone and with such a woebegone expression on her face that her friend Kate burst into peals of merry laughter. Barbara gazed at her with a hurt look.

"You can just stop laughing. I speak in all seriousness. Listen to what I have to say and pass your more mature judgment on it."

Kate was one year ahead of her in the university preparatory school which they were attending.

"You know as well as I do," began Barbara, "that every girl in my class has some special talent. Mary sings divinely; June is an accomplished musician; Phyllis embroiders beautifully; Maurine has had two of her poems published; they were just in her home paper, but that's something. Nan has no especial accomplishment, but she can do anything from making fudge to planning a reception gown; and Violet—but she's in your class. You are better prepared to sing her praises than I."

"Oh, you old grumbler," exclaimed Kate; "you certainly can do something. I don't think you've told all of it anyhow. How about staying here with Jeane the day she turned her ankle, when the rest of us were down at the bay; or picking up our things after us so the dean won't get us for leaving our rooms untidy; or spending so much time coaching Marjory on her German that you barely saved yourself on the History quiz?"

"If Marjory hadn't had some help she would have been completely lost in her quiz, and I did get through in History so I'm satisfied.

And besides, I don't call it a talent to do things for people that I'd like for them to do for me."

"But that is—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," interrupted Barbara. "I've heard that often enough. I want to do something worth while. Run along to your room now like a good girl. I want to meditate awhile on that debate we must prepare for tomorrow."

Kate went down the corridor to her room and Barbara sat down to gather material for her paper. In a few minutes her roommate, Catherine Bates, came in, brimming over with news.

"Have you heard the latest, you old worker? Put that old book down and I'll tell you about it. We're going to have some new equipment for our gymnasium and guess how we're going to get it? The upper classes are going to give Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' " she continued, before Barbara had time to make a guess. "That means we'll get to help."

"Oh, I can't help!" exclaimed Barbara in dismay.

"Well, don't get frightened yet, Barbie. Maybe they'll compose a silent part for you."

"Now, stop your teasing. You know I'd like to help well enough."

"Yes, I'd like to help, too. Did you know that I left the room the other night when Mab was in here for the express purpose to avoid helping her with that History outline?"

"No, I supposed you were going to see the dean about something. But I don't blame you now that I do know. You need all your time to work on that article you're writing for the star edition of the school paper. Now, let's get to work. I promised Prof. Dalton that I would help him list those grades in the morning so I must rise early."

The next afternoon plans for the play were begun. Parts were assigned, costumes planned and dates for rehearsals set.

Barbara stopped at the first rehearsal on her way from class. She looked on and listened until she could stand it no longer. The stage manager might be able to manage a track team or a baseball squad, but he could not manage a set of amateur players.

They were arguing about where they should stand, at what side of the stage they should make their entrances, paying no attention to their own part, but telling everybody else how they should say theirs until the manager's head was in a whirl. Just here Barbara took a hand.

"Here, Walter, let me help you. Can't you see what's wrong? Girls, girls, do let's get to business! Stop arguing about your dress

trimmings and think about your parts. You give them with an "I-don't-want-to-but-I-suppose-I-must" air that spoils the whole effect. Now, try it again. Just be natural.

The next rehearsal was more successful. When it was over Barbara hurried back to the dormitory to prepare her lesson. As she passed down the corridor she stopped at June's door to get a book she had promised her. She found Nan, the other occupant of the room, curled up on the bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why, what's troubling you, Nannie?" asked Barbara.

"Oh, everything," sobbed Nan. "I flunked again in English recitation today and Miss Ford told me if I didn't get to work I couldn't pass. I thought I certainly could get my lesson for tomorrow, but I had to go to rehearsal and I simply must get that Botany notebook finished tonight."

"Well, you look as though you were trying to get something finished," said Barbara. "Get up from there and come up to my room. Maybe I can help you between times."

Barbara's "between times" proved to be most of the time, for Nan was sadly behind in her work; but she consoled herself by the fact that she was not in the play and had more time for study than Nan had.

And Nan was not the only one who needed help. All through the week before the great event Barbara's services were in demand. Difficult translations puzzling problems and weary bodies—Barbara's room was full of girls from morning until night. She was the power behind the play, and the actors realized it; but when they tried to thank her she always stopped them, saying that she wanted to do a little toward equipping the "gym."

The play was to be given Friday evening at eight o'clock. A dress rehearsal was held in the afternoon with Barbara in attendance, encouraging slow ones, helping shift scenery and being a "jack of all trades" generally.

When she arrived at the dressing rooms at seven she found everything in confusion. The girls had thrown their costumes off to rush to the dining hall, and now in their excitement they could not find anything.

"Barbara, what did I do with my sheep crook?" "Where's Ganymede's cap?" "Come help me with—" "No, she must help me first; I'm in the first—" "Oh, Barbara, please go over these lines with me once more."

Such were a few of the questions and requests which assailed her as she entered the room and continued throughout the performance. She was stage manager, ladies' maid and prompter.

All went well until the entrance of Celia and Rosalind in Act I, Scene III, when just as Violet, who was playing Rosalind, started to go on the stage, a mouse ran from one corner of the room and stopped directly in front of her, bewildered by the bright light and voices. She stopped with a frightened scream and the other girls ran to the opposite side of the room. Barbara, who had not noticed the mouse, admonished her to hurry or the people would get restless.

"Oh, but I can't with this in front of me," stammered Violet.

Then Barbara saw. In less time than it takes to tell it she had slipped her hand into a glove, bounded across the room and sent the offending little creature flying out of the window.

All went off smoothly after this and when the last scene was staged Barbara sank wearily into a chair and closed her eyes. When the applause had died away she heard someone speaking and sat up with a start, when she heard her own name. It was Kate's voice and she was saying something about Barbara Castle's help making the play a success.

"I wonder why she's telling that," said Barbara, drowsily, to herself. "I helped them all I could, but that was nothing to being in the play and being able to do things."

But her friends and schoolmates evidently thought differently, and cheered and called until the recent actors, now just classmates again, carried her bodily to the front of the stage and three rousing cheers were given for Barbara Castle, "the girl without a talent."





The Best Man

Howard Miller

"David, I'm up against it," said Harry Warden, as he came tramping into the room.

David Murphy, Harry's roommate, looked up from the book he was reading in surprise and waited for his chum to continue.

"There was \$300 stolen from Dean Prescott last night," Harry continued, "and I'm accused of taking it. John Collins with one of his admirers, swore they saw me coming out of the office window about two o'clock. Then a handkerchief with my initial on it was found on the floor by the desk."

Harry buried his face in his hands for a moment and then continued:

"And the worst part about it is that the news has got to Winifred Clemmans, whom I thought would surely believe me innocent, and she cut me dead on the street today. Then I received a note from her saying that I could find somebody else to take to the Senior hop and that I need not call again."

David knew, as Kline was a military school, that Harry would lose the shoulder straps of a captain; also he would lose the athletic letters he had won in baseball, football, basketball and track; and last of all he would be expelled, unless he could prove himself innocent.

"It doesn't seem possible that they could blame it on you," said David, going over and placing his hand on Harry's shoulder, "but no matter what happens I believe you are innocent."

"Thank you, Davie," said Harry, huskily, "I thought I could depend on you."

"I'm not likely to forget what you have done for me," replied David.

Harry gathered up his belongings and left. David knew that he must be going to the guard house to stay until the day of his trial.

After his chum had left David walked over to the dean's office and was warmly welcomed by that person.

"I hate to believe your friend guilty" said the dean, "but all our evidence points in his direction."

"Of course, I believe he's innocent, Dean," replied David, "but I came here to get permission to work on this case. I think it will require a great deal of work away from the school."

"You have my permission and if there is anything that I can help you with in this case, I will be glad to do it. I am very glad that

Harry has such a valuable friend. And as to the evidence in the case, I will give it to you now."

"I received \$300 from a student, who was behind with his dues, and placed it in the desk drawer and locked the drawer. It never occurred to me that there would be any chance of it's being stolen, so I left it there three or four days and neglected to deposit it in the bank. John Collins and Harry were with me at the time I received the money. After the robbery a handkerchief was found on the floor by my desk and it had Harry's initial on it. If the initial had not been noticed we would not have suspected Harry."

"Dean Prescott, do you mind if I examine the drawer where the money was at the time of the robbery?" asked David.

"Certainly not," replied the Dean.

David began to examine the drawer and presently gave a low cry. He brought out a small piece of wax and showed it to the Dean.

"I must confess I fail to see the connection of that piece of wax with the robbery," remarked the Dean.

"Why," began David, excitedly, "it shows in the first place that the thief had a key to this drawer made from a wax impression."

The Dean nodded his head in a way that signified he understood.

"Dean," asked David quickly, "did you ever connect John Collins with the robbery?"

"No, David, I can't say that I have."

"When is Harry's trial, Dean?"

"It has been decided to bring it up before the Student Council just before the Junior-Senior entertainments."

"That will be in about a week," said David, thoughtfully. "I must bid you good day and get to work. I haven't very much time."

When once outside of the office David took a small piece of wax from his pocket.

"Now, for the development of my theory," he murmured to himself.

He then went to the locksmith to have a key that he had broken repaired. The locksmith was busy and told David to call for the key the next morning.

David then went to his room to study over the case. In the first place what was John Collins doing roving around at that time of night? It would be easy for him to get hold of one of Harry's handkerchiefs. There were plenty of opportunities. Both were on the ball team and Collins could have taken it to wipe the perspiration from his face as was the custom of the players. Or he could have taken it from a



locker before practice or after a game; maybe he had bought some like Harry's.

He was deep in thought the next morning, when the door opened and George Andrews, another of Harry's close friends, came in.

"Wake up, old man," shouted George.

David wakened suddenly from his reverie and explained his thoughts to George. George waited patiently until David had finished and then asked:

"Why Collins?"

"No particular reason," laughed David; "just a hunch, that's all. But," he continued, seriously, "I hope to prove somebody besides Harry guilty and it would give me more satisfaction to prove Collins guilty."

"You can count on me," said George.

"Thank you, George. I see that Harry has some friends when he is in need."

They went around to see Harry and to cheer him up. Then they went to the locksmith's to get the key David had left.

"I don't suppose you make many keys from wax impressions now," David remarked, carelessly, to the locksmith.

"Business in that way is a little slow," replied the locksmith, "but I made one the other day for a college chap."

"I expect that was my chum," said David, "a tall boy with dark hair and dark eyes?"

"I didn't notice his eyes and he was shorter than you. He had funny colored hair. Don't think I ever saw hair like that before."

David paid for the repaired key and the two boys went out of the shop.

"That must have been Collins," said George, "for anybody could tell that peculiar shade of hair."

David nodded:

"That's step number one on the theory that Collins is guilty."

About this time they saw Collins across the street and George called to him. But Collins, knowing David and George to be friends of Harry, hesitated, but finally came across the street.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Did you see Harry coming out of the office?" asked David.

Collins thought it would be wisest to answer this question, so he said:

"Yes."

"I have no right to ask you this question, but what were you doing out at that time of night, or rather morning?" asked David.

"Oh," replied John, lightly, "my two cousins from Newport came to see me and had to leave on 1:30 train. So I asked Bill Roberts to go with us to the station. As we were coming back we saw Harry coming out of the office window."

As he said this he pulled out his handkerchief and with it something came out and fluttered to the ground. Collins did not notice this but David did.

"I guess Harry must be guilty," said David.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," replied George.

Collins heard this with satisfaction. He thought David and George believed Harry innocent. Now at last he was square with Harry—Harry who had taken his place as half back on the football team, short stop on the baseball nine and had even cut him out with Winifred.

"I must be moving, fellows," said Collins. "Ta-ta."

"Fooled him that time," muttered George with satisfaction.

When Collins had turned the corner, David stooped down and picked up the something that Collins had dropped. It proved to be a handkerchief with Harry's initial on it. In the folds of the handkerchief was a small piece of paper evidently torn from a note or a letter which read:



George and David tried to figure it out, but looked up without any clearer knowledge.

"Beats me," said George.

"Same here," said David.

"Say, come over after supper and we'll work on this," said David on parting.

"Sure," replied George.

That night in David's room they again took up the mystery of the scrap of paper.

"It looks to me like this paper came from a gambling den, a pool hall, a saloon or maybe that low tavern over on the hill," said David thoughtfully.

"Gee, you must be a regular Sherlock Holmes," said George.

"It is not hard to see that. This kind of paper is usually used in a place like those. I have seen enough of it to know. Before I met Harry I was a frequent visitor to these places. Harry came along about the time I was getting in bad and persuaded me to quit and I've kept straight ever since," said David in return.

David began to examine the paper more closely and saw in fine print at the top of the scraps: —**MOON CAFE.**

"See, George," he said, "that must have come from that new cafe called the Moon over yonder on the hill. It's a small cafe on the lower floor with a gambling den in the second story."

"I guess we will have to go to town tonight, won't we?" asked George.

"Yes," replied David.

In going to town they took a short path which led through a wood and upon entering the woods they both stopped. They had heard voices in the woods.

"Have you that money?" they heard a hoarse voice ask.

"Yes, I have it, and now I am through with you for good," said a voice which they both recognized as that of Collins.

"You might win it all back tonight."

"Yes, or lose more," replied Collins.

"A gambling table is a place of honor."

"No doubt about it," replied Collins with sarcasm. "You have made use of that honor to make me steal."

"Just tonight."

"No, Ralston, I'm through with you," said Collins, as he turned and walked off in the direction of the academy.

Ralston came out of the woods just after him and walked rapidly toward town.

"There is another witness in our case," said David, when Ralston had gone.

"And a good one, too," replied George.

"That's enough for tonight; let's go back to the school."

The next morning David was around early to see Harry.

"Say, Davie, have you anything new?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Sure," replied David, "and also a few witnesses who will free you from the charge. George and I have found the guilty man."

"Who?"

David leaned over and whispered in Harry's ear.

"What would prompt him to lay it on me?" asked Harry.

"To cover up his own tracks, I suppose."

They talked over the case for some time and then David left.

David then went to the Clemmans mansion.

"This is the call I hate," he muttered to himself, as he ascended the steps of the Clemmans mansion and rang the bell.

The door was opened and he sent in his card. He was then ushered into the library and in a short time Winnifred came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Murphy," said Winnifred.

They talked in a casual way and after a few minutes David turned to the purpose of his call.

"Miss Clemmans, I suppose you are surprised at my calling on you this morning. But as you know there was \$300 stolen from the Dean of the school and Harry Warden is accused of taking it by the testimony of John Collins and a friend. I believe my friend innocent and have taken up his case. I have been working on it for a few days and I think I have some convincing evidence as to the real thief. May I tell you of the case?"

"Yes, sir."

David explained the case clearly. When he had finished Miss Clemmans turned to him and said:

"I am ashamed to think I have believed Harry guilty. I will never speak to John Collins again."

"It would not be very hard under the circumstances to believe him guilty. But for the sake of the development of the case I want you to treat or appear to treat John Collins as if you knew nothing more about the affair."

After David explained how this would help him out she finally consented.

"I will write a note to Harry now," she said.

"No, Miss Clemmans, I think it would not be best to do this. I will tell him that you believe him innocent. That will cheer him up wonderfully."

"I see Harry has a very good friend," said Winnifred.

David excused himself and went to bear the good news to Harry.

The next day every student of the Kline M. A. was out to the trial and there was not a one in the whole student body, with the exception

of David and George, who believed Harry innocent. The judges in this case were students; the jurors students; in fact every part of the entire case was conducted by students. David was conducting Harry's case as Harry's lawyer. Harry was brought before the court and plead not guilty.

First John Collins gave his testimony. Then Bill Roberts was called upon the witness stand. His story was identical with that of Collins.

Harry then was allowed to give his testimony. He said he had not left his room all that evening, but it was easily to be seen that his testimony was not believed.

The locksmith was called by David as a witness for the defense.

"Did a student have a key made about a week ago from a wax impression?" asked David.

"Yes, sir."

"Was it this one?" pointing to Harry.

"No."

"Cast your eye over the room and see if you can recognize him among the spectators."

"That's the one back there," pointing to Collins.

The locksmith was excused and Dean was called. He testified that the bills were of the following denomination: "Twenty \$10 bills, eight \$5 bills and three \$20 bills.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about the bills, Dean?" asked David.

"I did notice one," replied the Dean. "It was on top and had a blot on it."

The Dean was dismissed and Dick Ralston was called.

"Did John Collins pay you some money in Newton's woods the other night?" asked David.

"Yes."

"Was one of these bills marked?"

"No."

"What did he pay you this money for?"

"A gambling debt."

"Did he say anything about stealing them?"

"He said, 'you made me steal.' "

The next witness was Walter Thomas, proprietor of the College Inn and a close fisted man.

"Did John Collins give a dinner for some friends at your place not long ago?" asked David.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice any mark on the bill he handed you?"

"I noticed there was a blot on the edge of it similar to the one Mr. Prescott described.

"How did you happen to notice the bills being marked?"

"A student passed a bad bill on me once and since then I have always looked closely at all the bills I receive."

All the students smiled at this for they knew of the stinginess of the landlord and of the trick that had been played on him.

He was excused from the stand and George Andrews called. He told of David's and his experience in the case. The case was then given to the jury for their decision. After being out a short period they brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The room was in an uproar. All the students of Kline, the number being one hundred, were cheering for Harry and David.

When they looked for Collins it was found that he had left town rather than face the punishment.

When Harry got back to his room he found a note awaiting him, the contents of which seemed very satisfactory.

After supper Harry dressed hurriedly and went out. David did not ask where his chum was going. He knew.

Harry ascended the steps of the Clemmans mansion and rang the bell. Winnifred met him at the door, not waiting for a servant.

"Oh, Harry," she said, "I'm so sorry—"

"Perfectly all right," said Harry. "I've got something on my mind more important than that."

So they passed on into the drawing room.

* * * * *

It was late that night when Harry came in and he found David reading a book. Harry was looking radiant.

"You must have found something that pleased you," growled David, looking up from his book.

"You bet," said Harry, "and you are to be our best man in a few months."



ATHLETICS



97 Mosty. '12



Basket Ball

During the early part of the first semester the basket ball spirit took hold of the boys, but a regular team was not organized.

Just before the opening of the season the team was picked. At this time John Pile was elected captain and William Miller was made manager. The boys worked hard, but on account of our not having a gymnasium they were not able to schedule any games.

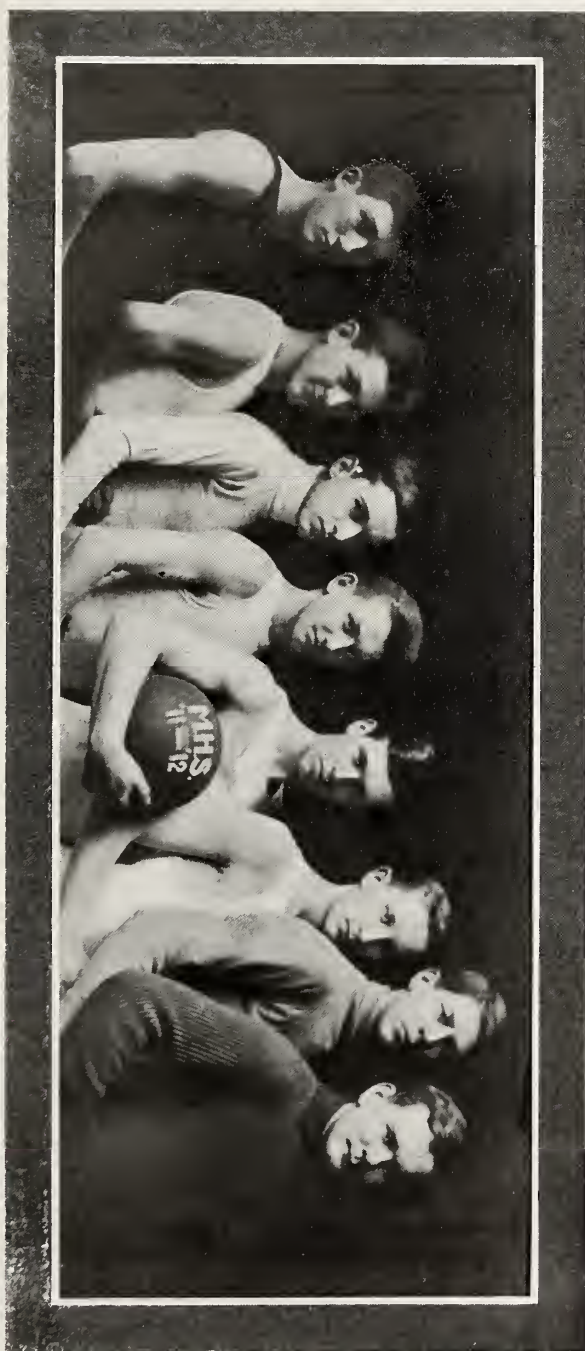
At the beginning of the second semester through the courtesy of the management of the Bles Military Academy the team was allowed to use their gymnasium for practice. Then the work began in earnest. Seven games were played with various teams and although our team had no coach and was inexperienced it played in good form.

The team for the season of 1912 is the first boys' basket ball team of the Macon High school. But here's hoping that next year our boys will be interested enough in basket ball to form a winning team.

Lineup.

Burney Epperson, Referee
Roscoe Pile, Center
John Pile, Guard
Edgar Burkhart, Guard
Clarence Miller, Forward

Don Patterson, Forward
Wm. Miller, Forward
Wayne McQuary, Forward
Chas. Dorrel, Forward





Football

About the second week of school the boys of Macon High held a meeting in the interest of football. It was not long until there were about twenty boys trying out and practicing every day, and the prospects for a good team were excellent. But as the season grew nearer the interest seemed to wane and for different reasons the boys began to withdraw from the squad, until only six were left. The football was then lost for several weeks.

There was no organized football team in Macon High last season for several reasons; the main one, a lack of support on the part of the school as a whole. But in spite of all these hindrances the boys had the courage and spirit to get together and play two games. They should be commended for the grit they showed in trying to organize a team in spite of all the discouragements.

With the material we have in our school we should have a football team equalled by none of the surrounding High schools. But to do this we must have the support of the whole school.

So next year let us have the football spirit in the school as well as in the boys who play. Support the team and make Macon High the football champions of North Missouri.





Base Ball

The boys interested in baseball held a meeting February 23 and elected Charles Dorrel captain and Clarence Miller manager. The squad has been practicing when the weather permitted for the past month. We expect to see a good baseball team from Macon High this season, although several of the boys have never played before. Most of the games are to be played away from Macon. There are about seven games scheduled. We go to press wishing the team the best of luck and many victories.

The line up is as follows:

Howard Miller, C.
Boyd Abrams, P.
Edgar Burkhardt, 1st base
Clarence Miller, 2nd base
Charles Dorrel, 3rd base

Harry Holvey, S. S.
Elmer Gieselman, L. F.
Wm. Miller, C. F.
Roscoe Pile, R. F.
John Pile and John Kerns, Subs



D. M. P. 1918



The Tiger

The Tiger was founded March 10, 1910, by Chester Chope and John Riley, two members of the class of '13.

It was published weekly during the remainder of the school year. With the second issue the size of the Tiger was increased from two columns to three columns, this being the size of the present publication.

Beginning with the school term of 1911-12 the Tiger was continued with the following staff: Editor-in-chief, Chester Chope; associate editor, Miss Alma Walker; business manager, George Holvey; literary editor, John Pile; athletic editor, Chas. Dorrel.

At the end of the first semester the Tiger was discontinued, but was re-established several weeks later. At a meeting of the boys' Student Council the following staff was elected: Editor-in-chief, Joseph Stone; associate editor, Will Miller; contributing editor, Otelia Mosty; athletic editor, Chas. Dorrel; circulation manager, Joe Love; business manager, Edgar Burkhardt; faculty editor, Miss Alma Walker.

The Tiger is a newsy little paper and the High school students should give it their heartiest support.



The History of the "Oipi."

In the Junior Physics class, on February 28, 1909, the idea of editing a year book for the Macon High school was first suggested. It was put before the class of '10 by Miss Ora Virginia Fox, the instructor in Physics. The idea was received with great enthusiasm and a meeting of the class was held. At this meeting Gran Goodson, president of the class, was instructed to appoint the staff and begin the work of editing the year book. To relieve himself of this duty Goodson appointed Harry Reed editor-in-chief, and gave him the power to select the other members of the staff. The following staff was appointed: Harry Reed, editor-in-chief; Charles Collier, business manager; Helen Williams, associate editor; Ogee Bledsoe, literary editor; Gwynette Mitchell, art editor; Gran Goodson, athletic editor. After two months of hard work and worry the first volume of the Macon High school "Oipi" was placed before the public.

The queer name, the "Oipi," was given the book by Harry Reed, the name being formed from the numerals 1910 reversed. This title has remained with the book in honor and memory of its originators. As the first book was edited and published by the Junior class the honor of editing the succeeding year book has fallen to the Junior class. The first book proved to be a success and thus it was firmly established as a high school organ.

At the beginning of the school year of 1909-1910 the class of '11 elected the following staff to compile the second volume; Joseph L. Patton, editor-in-chief; Leonard Patton, business manager; Faye Gross, associate editor; Lucile Howe, literary editor; Maud Hyatt, art editor; Raymond Myers, athletic editor. This book also proved a success and was a credit to the class of '11.

As was the custom the class of '12 selected their staff for the book of '11. This staff was composed of: Bryan Brown, editor-in-chief; William H. Miller, business manager; Catherine Pohlman, associate editor; Edith Waddel, literary editor; Mabel Zollman, art editor; Edgar Burkhart, athletic editor. This edition held many new ideas and was a very creditable volume. This staff differed from the preceding ones in having one of their number married.



And now we come to this, the fourth volume of the Macon High school "Oipi," published by the class of '13. The staff of this book being: Don D. Patterson, editor-in-chief; Chester L. Chope, business manager; Alta Stacy, associate editor; Reba Raines, literary editor; Otelia Mosty, art editor; R. Virehow Powell, athletic editor. Although this book has had the example of the preceding volumes it contains many new and unique ideas.

The "Oipi" has far surpassed many high school year books and may be favorably compared with some college annuals in its standard of excellence. While the preceding three volumes have not been works of literary perfection they show the genius of their compilers. The future of the "Oipi" is bright and it should remain the official organ of the Macon High school throughout its existence. No Junior class should discontinue its publication for it is one of the best fruits of the life and work of the High school.





VIRCHOW POWELL
ATHLETIC ED.



REBA RAINES
LITERARY EDIT.



DON PATTERSON
EDITOR IN CHIEF



CHESTER CHOZE
BUSINESS MGR.



OTELIA MOSTY
ART ED.



ALTA STACEY
ASSOCIATE ED.

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The Boys' Glee Club

The Boys' Glee Club was organized by Miss Carhart, instructor of music, in the year of 1911. Since that time it has been enlarged and improved until now it is a firmly established organization of the High school. All the members have good voices and have proven themselves of value in assisting in the social functions and entertainments of the school. The membership is as follows:

Tenor:

John Pile
Vaughn Gross
John Tuggle
Clyde Erwin

1st bass:

Howard Miller
Robert Mitchell
Elmer Gieselman
Harry Bachstein
Edgar Burkhart
John Riley
Harry Holvey
Virchow Powell
Frank Cook
Joe Love

2nd bass:

William Miller
Clarence Miller
Orr Reed





The Girls' Glee Club

This organization known as the Girls' Glee Club was founded by Miss Carhart, instructor of music, in February, 1911. Although the stability of this organization was doubtful, their accomplishments have firmly established them as a permanent club of the Macon High school. The quality of their work shows the careful training and the talent of their instructor. The membership is as follows:

Alta Stacy, Virgie Hyatt, Mae Brock, Iva Jobson, Mabel Erwin, Emily Franklin, Lettie Bryant, Faun Miller, Adnee Wright, Elizabeth Brown, Vera Miller, Reba Raines, Floy Morrow, Edith Miller and Lydia Simpson.





The Student Council

The organization known as the Student Council has two divisions: The Boys' Student Council and the Girls' Student Council. The first organized was the boys' council.

The idea of having self-government was first advanced by Mr. Dorsey, instructor in Physics, to the boys of the Senior class. A meeting of all the boys of the High school was held and the proposition of organizing a Boys' Student Council was placed before them. The idea was received with enthusiasm and as the faculty approved, the boys began the work of organizing the council. A committee was elected to draw up a constitution. This committee was composed of Edgar Burkhardt, Don D. Patterson and John Riley; later Burney Epperson was elected to fill the place vacated by Riley.

After the constitution had been drawn up and approved, an election of officers was held. The following officers were elected: Edgar Burkhardt, president; Chester Chope, vice president; John Pile, secretary; Don D. Patterson, treasurer; Burney Epperson, marshal. After this election a meeting of the different classes was held and the following jurymen elected; Senior, Paul Reese, Joe Love; Junior, Virchow Powell, Clarence Miller; Sophomore, Taylor Sandison, Will Summers; Freshman, Will Etz, John Kearns.

During the time that the boys were organizing their council the girls also were well pleased with the idea of self government and had held a meeting and appointed a committee of one from each class to draw up their constitution. The members of the committee were: Senior, Edith Waddell; Junior, Gertrude Jobson; Sophomore, Adnee Wright; Freshman, Dorothy Doneghy. After due consideration and careful drafting and revision, this constitution was presented to the girls of the High school and was adopted by them.

An election of officers was then held and the following officers elected; Ethel Moore, president; Edith Waddell, vice president; La Veta Sneary, secretary; Opal Walker, treasurer; Dorothy Doneghy, marshal. Later the following jurors were elected from the different classes: Senior, Ruth Love, Edith Belsher; Junior, Reba Raines, Alta Stacy; Sophomore, Elsie Reed, Grace Moody; Freshman, Mary Archer, Agnes Brown.

Although at first these organizations were considered as experiments, they have firmly established themselves as permanent organizations. They promote an interest in the welfare and the conduct of the student and serve to bring the instructor and student into closer harmony. Not only does it promote this one spirit but materially helps the growth of every other kindred spirit desirable in High school life.

It also gives the student a knowledge of parliamentary rules of order, that is, of how to address an assembly etc., and do this correctly. If this were the only practical help of the councils it would be enough to justify their being made permanent organizations.





5. School opens with a lecture by Prof. Seaton, subject "Tardiness."
6. Death of T. A. Still. Seniors try to demolish Chemical laboratory.
7. Oipi staff elected.
8. New Sears and Sambucks seats put in study hall.
11. Is The Tiger coming back? Prof. Seaton.
12. Grasshoppers invade S. H. Irene screams.
13. Vera Miller wants to know whether **it** may be male or female.
14. What's the matter with Mr. King? Discovered in No. 7.
15. Solo by Mabel Zollman, title, "Who."
18. Miss Carhart cracks a joke in music period and laughs at it before anyone else.
19. Freshmen-Sophomore picnic. Are visited by Juniors and Seniors.
20. Everyone has gone to the Callao fair.
21. Long, wide man visited Miss Carhart. Puzzle, "Who?"
22. Nothing doing.
25. Discovered "Refreshment class."
26. Howard wins praise for his good translations of Chaucer's Prologue.
27. Everyone worried over exams.
28. What is the matter with the circus?
29. "Red" hollers for Tiger subscriptions.



2. Miss Walker gives boys nice lecture about being noisy.
3. Music furnished by Italian orchestra. Basket ball team organized.
4. "Red" gives basis of comparison between "an embrace and a bubble" in English.
5. Dorsey announces to Junior Physics class that if more studying isn't done there will be "something doing."
6. Junior-Senior picnic at Crystal Lake.
9. Lost one of our athletes.
10. Chester and Clarence canned from class by Johnston.
11. Lecture by Seaton, subject, "Hazing."
12. Miss Johnston loses her temper in Senior class (?)
13. Pearl Brown studies Algebra. For a change (?)
16. "Chubby" returns.
17. School dismissed at 2:20 p. m. on account of LaPlata fair.
18. Juniors spend second period p. m. in the laboratory making glass threads. Seniors try to put them to sleep with ether.
19. "Oh, William!" (heard frequently on basket ball ground.)
20. Realing twins ask Miss Resor for book of instructions for beginners in Latin.
23. Ethel M. threatens to send Howard to Mr. Seaton.
24. Chester pouts.
25. Elmer G. very near "plays out" in B. B. game.
26. Senior boys assist a Freshman in rising when "Orange and the Black" is sung.
27. Everyone interested in the minstrel.
30. Prodigal Riley returns.
31. Miss Pritchard writes a memory gem on the board.

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R.

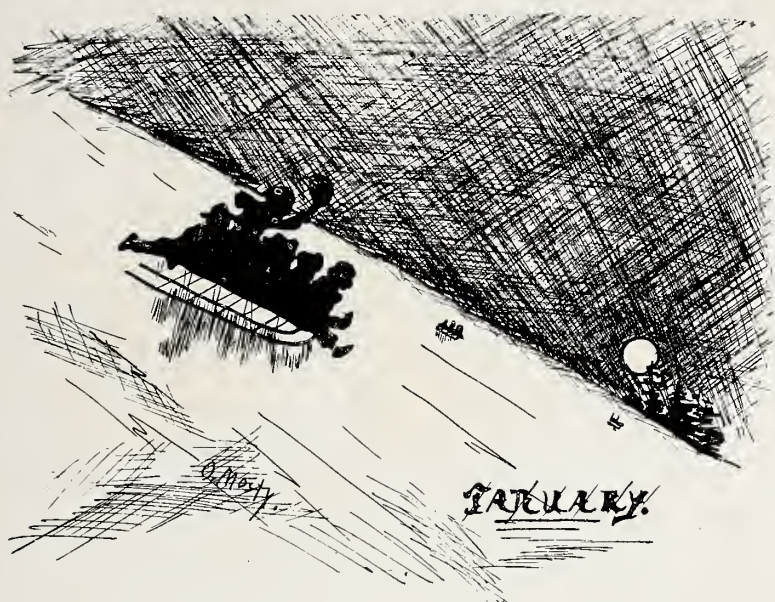


1. Prof. Seaton grants a reference in deportment.
2. Dea Morrow brings coughing germs into study hall. It's very catching.
3. Girls' basket ball team makes first appearance in suits.
6. Horrors!! Miss Pritchard lost a bet. Musical this evening.
7. School board has to pay Kreiter 15 cents to sweep up programs off of the floor.
8. A member of the Junior class after an explanation of Lendy-aeltis asks if it is called "Lydrostatics."
9. Nothing doing.
10. Ditto.
13. Same thing happened today as on the tenth.
14. "Red" was quiet (almost) all day.
15. Prof Seaton: "Now is the time to make up for back work."
16. Miss Pritchard tells the Juniors they are as hard to teach as the Freshmen.
17. Can't talk any more in the study hall at morning and noon assembly.
20. Millionaire hobo, James Eads Howe, lectures to the boys of M. H. S.
21. Homer writes an epitaph on the board in study hall.
22. Mr. Dorsey tells some Junior girls that some day when the all important question is popped to them they will say "I don't know."
23. Everyone frowning. Cause—Exams.
24. M. H. S. vs B. M. A in football.
27. "Red" and Dea have a "head-on" collision in study hall
28. "Bob" ornaments the piano with a kitten.
29. Adaline has a spasm in Geometry class. Cause—Paper down her back.
30. Juniors illustrate the burning of Rome in Physics class.

DECEMBER.



1. Reba reaches the sublime heights in Physics.
2. Miss Johnston adopts as her motto "One at a time."
3. "Burkie" forgets to remove his hat before entering Geometry class.
4. Nothing doing.
5. Same old story.
6. Ditto.
7. ?
8. Hubert English cracks a joke in History.
11. Staff meeting.
12. Joseph writes another poem.
13. Oh, my! Another poem.
14. Everyone dis—cusses the Student Council.
15. Mass meeting of boys.
 " " " girls.
18. Glee Clubs practice.
19. Had a small visitor during morning music period and thereby hangs the tale.
20. "Life on the road too rough." "Chubby" returns.
21. Everything dull.
22. Tomorrow is Saturday.
 Holidays for two weeks.



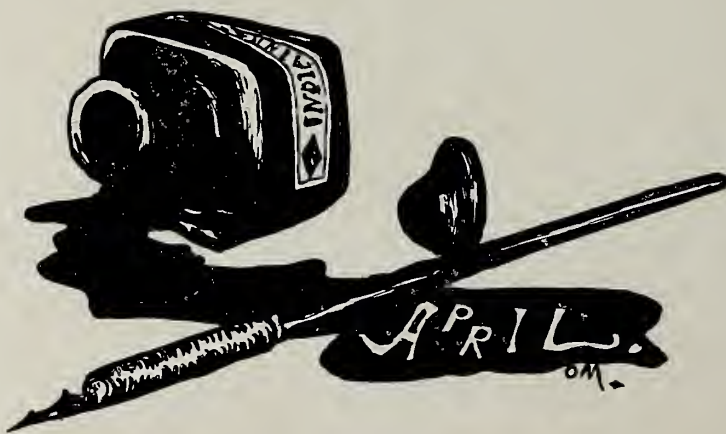
2. A nice quiet day of rest after a night without.
3. Dr. Miller reads a paper entitled, "The Methods Used to Stamp Out Tuberculosis."
4. Prof. Dorsey entertains the Juniors with gunpowder explosions.
5. Lost—The Freshmen.
8. Alas! Virchow mistakes Physics room for a skating rink.
9. Podie makes a slide for life.
10. Taking a rest.
11. Still at it.
12. Doing the same thing.
15. Glee clubs meet at Prof. Seaton's.
16. Nothing doing.
17. Staff meeting.
18. Snowing.
19. More snow.
22. Juniors have explosion (?) in laboratory.
23. Prof. Seaton warns the users of snuff to beware.
24. Virchow decides Cicero is a hard proposition.
25. Big debate! "Resolved that Robinson Crusoe is a Novel."
- "Pat" affirmative. Miss Pritchard negative.
26. Adnee in German: "I'm not neuter."
29. Prof. Seaton lectures Freshmen girls on fads and fashions.
30. Officers of boys' Student Council inaugurated.
31. Nothing doing.



1. Staff meeting.
2. Juniors get half holiday.
5. Mary speaking to Mr. Dorsey in Physics: "I knew you'd get me some way."
6. \$25 reward for Daisy, Rosey and Pansy.
7. Lost! A (love) very important letter belonging to Miss Resor.
8. Centenary of Dickens' birthday.
9. Boys' court meets.
12. Practice basket ball game.
13. Spelling starts.
14. Freshman and Senior party.
15. "Doc" takes a nap in Latin.
16. Prof. Seaton cautions the small H. S. boys not to be rough in playing with the colored children.
19. Winners of D. A. R. contest announced.
20. Miss Pritchard asks for the characteristics of Johnson.
21. School lets out at 2:30.
22. Hurrah for George. He got us a holiday.
23. Basket ball game. Moberly vs. M. H. S. Score 21-20 favor of Macon.
26. Oipi pictures.
27. Gertrude gets "lost" in Cicero.
28. Glee Club pictures taken.
29. Sophs. receive half holiday.



1. Country teachers' exam.
4. Emily S. leaves.
5. Mr. Seaton and Miss Pritchard sing a whole chorus before study hall.
6. Those "shocking" Juniors.
7. Soph. hay ride.
8. More Oipi pictures taken.
11. Mr. Dorsey becomes our music instructor. Oh, my!
12. Such music.
13. Emily visits school. Wonder why Jennie "got raw?"
14. Everybody working for "Red."
15. Curtains down in Physics room. An "indicator."
18. Girls adopt their constitution.
19. Juniors have banquet in laboratory. Menu, candy.
20. Oh, Heck!
21. Miss Resor has gentleman caller. Indicator.
22. Miss Pritchard forgets she has a Junior English class.
25. Row between Freshies and upper classmen (Girls.)
26. Miss Resor exhibits another new necktie.
27. Boyd gets homesick and hungry.
28. Leaders chosen for the big Junior debate.
29. Fern says Mary is not capable of arguing. Wonder if Fern can argue any better than Mary?



1. April fool. Mr. Dorsey springs a test on the Juniors. Sophs. play a joke on Miss Johnston and find her unable to see the funny side of it.
2. Seniors have feast in Chemistry laboratory.
3. Girls' council.
4. Arbor day songs practiced.
5. Arbor day.
8. Oipi goes to press next week.
9. No more calender. Amen.



ADVERTISEMENT





Book Review

This review is especially accurate as we have employed one of the greatest critics and reviewers of the age for its preparation. The review is made of the books as they are placed in the different general branches of study.

History.

“Ancient History, Meyers.” A very interesting scrap book containing some very valuable information on the question, “Is a Dago Roman or why do they call all Greeks Bohunks?”

“Medieval and Modern History, Meyers.” This is a neat little volume by the author of the above mentioned Ancient History. It contains an extremely accurate discussion of Napoleon’s defeat or why Waterloo went dry.

“English History, Larned.” The popularity gained by this volume is immense as is shown by the fact that even the instructors’ desk copy is missing. “Is a king a monarch?” is the principal topic of discussion.

“Civics, James and Sanford.” It took two men to compile this simple little treatise, which reads like a patent medicine almanac. Such is life.

The last of this series is the little red hand book called, “American History,” the author being McLaughlin. The paper used in this volume is good; also the typographical work is good.

English.

“Elements of Grammar, Webster.” The author of this volume possesses a good name and the book is bound well.

“English Composition and Literature, Webster.” Same author wrote the above elements. Of great help to authors who write for pleasure and live on praise.

“English Literature, Painter.” The author of this sketch is better fitted for the profession that his name suggests. Preferably a house painter.

“American Literature, Newcomer.” Written by a man called Newcomer, who is really an upstart. Tells enough to fill a book.

Languages.

“Foundations of Latin, Bennett.” Of all the brainstorms we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing from a distance this is the most ferocious.

“Caesar’s Gallic Wars, Johnston and Sanford.” About the Gallic War in general and Caesar in particular. Written by Julius himself with uncommon modesty.

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The Institution places its graduates in rural schools, villages and city graded schools, village and city high schools, supervisorships and superintendencies.

Large illustrated Bulletin free.

JOHN R. KIRK, President



“Cicero’s Select Orations, D’Ooge.” Cicero in this volume takes the prize as the champion blowhard of ancient, medieval and modern history. The breeze is so strong that it disturbs the hair.

“Vergil’s Aeneid, Knapp.” Contains the usual jumble of jargon called Latin poetry. Vergil happens to be dead.

“Lehrbuch der Deutschen Sprache, Spanhoofd.” The title of this treatise is the only part which I would advise any one to read.

“Marchen und Erzählungen, Guerber.” Contains fairy stories written to please the weak and feeble minded.

Science.

“Agriculture, Halligan.” Contains interesting advice to the farmless farmer. Makes you a farmer while you wait.

“Physics, Carhart and Chute.” Contains the laws which Isaac Newton formulated after being hit in the head with an apple. Should not be taken seriously.

“Chemistry, Peters.” Explains the chemical action of the peroxide when placed upon the hair. Very witty and humorous.

Mathematics.

“Plane Trigonometry, Wentworth.” For myself I would prefer decorated instead of plane trigonometry. Contains many jokes on logarithms, tangents, sines, etc.

“Elements of Geometry, Bush and Clarke.” The instructor in this subject informs me that women can tell where their husbands are by means of this. So evidently this must be a volume of the Pinkerton detective system.

“Algebra, Wells.” Written especially for Freshmen but forced upon the Sophs. The volume is a higher study of the a, b, c’s, learned in most kindergartens.

Economics.

“Commercial Geography, Ridway.” Tells why Africa isn’t in the United States. And why bananas don’t grow well in Nova Scotia. Also tells the difference between a side wheeler and a row boat.

“Political Economy, Laughlin.” Explains that a half dollar is worth a nickel. Also tells about suffragettes and their policy. The volume was written to expound the last mentioned topic.



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Advice to Lovelorn

Laura Jean Cribbey.

ON PROPOSING.

Now the first thing to do in proposing, young men, is to get some nice girl to propose to. Then go around and find out by inquiring which is the easiest jeweler in town. Then go there and buy a ring on the installment plan; say fifteen cents down and fifty cents a week. Now after all this has been accomplished you are ready to make your proposal. By the way it isn't best to tell your friends or the High school faculty that you are going to propose to a girl, as it is bad on your nerves and your grades.

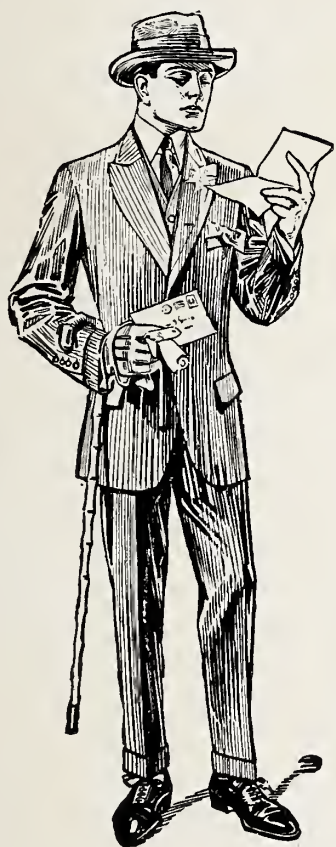
Now go out some evening to the girl's house and sit conversing in the usual way until about nine o'clock. Then take a look around to see if any of the folks are near. If not, approach the intended girl and say: "Ain't you my little honey cootsum?" This is sure to get her interested. Take another look around for the girl's folks. For if they're not up now they soon will be if you keep this up.

Now, kneel at the feet of the girl and say this: "On this dainty occasion, fair maiden, I cast myself at your most ostentatious and auspicious feet, and beseech of you your humble hand in marriage to my beautiful self. Long years have I labored for you and you are the only girl I've ever met. The old man will keep us till I am president of the United States, so what do I care. What sayest thou, oh lovely queen, apple of my eye, heart's delight, etc.?" After delivering this most heartrending speech, duck and make a fifty yard dash for the door. For it's a cinch if the old man was not listening that phrase "the old man will keep us," will sure bring him like a Kansas cyclone. After this has been delivered refrain from visiting the girl in her home, and unless you receive an answer to your proposal by mail you are jilted. Wishing you success, I am

L. J. C.



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The practice of wearing good clothes makes
the successful man."*



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PLAIN FIGURES

Answers to Correspondence

J. J. S. No, it's not best to write poetry to her. As a general rule the poetry is so slushy that it gets her feet wet. And you know girls are like cats, they don't like to have their feet wet. Don't let such an insult throw you off. Remember that "a fool and his honey are soon mated." If you have all the charms that you state she certainly cannot resist them long.

Jose. You say your fellow is fickle. Well, the best way to put the blocks to him is to have father listen in some night. That's a sure cure; he'd go through fire and water for you now.

Doc M. No, it is not customary for one so young to marry. But if your father or her father can keep you both it is some times very advantageous. But if you still wish to marry her, a study of my article on proposing should be very helpful.

Poadie. I am sorry you can't get a fellow, but then maybe you are luckier without one. One thing is certain that every time you want to go to church or any place you haven't a mere man hangin' around.

Dick. I am certainly sorry for you that you have a rival as sometimes they are very expensive. If you can't outspend him while out with the girl my advice is to "beat the fire out of him" when you are alone. This might be done in school as your position on the student council staff would protect you from punishment.

Iva. It is certainly a shame you are bothered with poetry, but the best thing to do with such "lovely queen" stuff is to receive it and keep still. Don't show it to your friends as they may become too interested in your affairs. If he can't take the hint sling him the mitt.

Joe L. From your letter your case is very much like that of Dick so I will refer you to that answer.

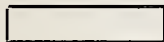
Dorothy D. It is certainly annoying to have to decide between two rivals, but you must if the circumstances demand. The best way to do this is to take the one you like least. Then flip a coin and say "Heads I win, tails you lose." This will be a very satisfactory solution of your problem.

Fisher. It isn't customary for a young man to have more than three girls and then I would advise you not to talk too much about them when out seeing a lady friend. Don't mind father, he's just an old gag.

Grace. I cannot tell you how to keep the hair blonde, but will refer you to the beauty department. It is not customary to marry so young. For further advice I refer you to the answer to Doc M.

FRED W. TROESTER

D. D. S.



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Roscoe Lengthy. I sympathize with you. It is very embarrassing for a six-footer to go with such a short girl. I would advise you to take Dunns Deducer which will shorten your height.

Jennie W. and Mary M. You are not looking for the lovelorn department; you want a private detective agency.

C. A. M. and Boots. Don't mind it if the girls make their own dates. Remember this is leap year. If they are jealous tell them who you like best and let them fight it out. A good scrap is sometimes very enjoyable.

C. A. D. In regard to proposing see my latest article on proposing. I know being a school teacher is a handicap, but nevertheless if you are persistent I think you can win her.

Rufus. I think you could go with the girls better if you would wear a false face. Maybe a pocket size photograph would help you along with the conversation.

To any one who wishes helpful advice send your troubles to suite 450, floor 45, Aerial Annex, Macon High school.

Boots: "Have some gum, Mary."

Mary: "No, thank you, it makes my jaws tired."

Boots: "Well, doesn't talking ever have the same effect?"

Lengthy, coming from Latin class: "Veni, Vidi, Flunkie."

Alta (attempting to answer a question:) "Oh, heck! I can't express it."

Miss Pritchard: "Ship it by freight then."

Miss J. (in Abell's store): "Have you any caps and gowns?"

Red: No, but we have some white night shirts; will they do?"

Prof. Dorsey (after long-winded proof.) "And now, students, we get X equal 0."

Sleepy voice (from rear of room.) "Gee, all that work for nothing!"

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High School Beatitudes

Blessed are the weak of mind; for theirs is the kingdom of final exams.

Blessed are they that mourn; for surely they shall have something to regret.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for knowledge; for they shall cram.

Blessed are the merciful (teachers); for they are the blessing of all.

Blessed are the grinds; for they shall graduate.

Blessed are those who are boisterous; for they shall see Seaton.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for greenness sake; for they shall also be Sophs.

Blessed are ye; when teachers shall flunk you and rage at you and shall do all manner of evil against you for cribbing.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward; for so persecuted were those who were before you.

A Bride's Puzzling Order.

An absent minded bride, anxious not to forget to order two chickens for dinner, repeated to herself while clearing away the breakfast things: "Grocer—chickens, grocer—chickens."

The words became confused in her mind, so that when she went to the telephone, she asked:

"Have you any nice young grocers?"

"Why, why, yes," replied an astonished voice at the other end of the wire.

"Well," said the bride, "send me two, dressed."

"Dressed?" said the voice, more astonished than before.

"Why, no," answered the bride, "I believe you may send them undressed. If my husband comes home early he will wring their necks and the cook can dress them."

Let Them Do It.

A farmer's wife, who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't," she said. "I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness' sake let 'em do it."

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Mr. Seaton: (Am. Hist.) What was one of Jefferson's principles?

Chubby: "He believed in having war ships that could be used on land."

Irene: "I want some one to amuse me."

Burkie: "Look at Rufus. He's a perpetual joke."

Miss Pritchard (Senior Eng.) What position did Bryant hold?

Burkie: "The New York Evening Post."

Through the four long years of torture mid the things we learn to dread in this dreary hall of learning teachers crazy in the head and when life enjoys or takes us, we will with haste recall all those awful days of torture in the old Assembly hall. "Dick E '12."

Teacher: What are the three most used words in school?

Student: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct.

Miss Pritchard: I want you to write a fifteen page essay on any subject you want.

Alexander Miller: Will you furnish the paper?

Miss P. (Freshman Eng.): "The race of men are like leaves on trees." Explain.

Freshman: "I guess it means that when they're young they're green."

Soph: "Do you know my brother?"

Junior: "Sure; we sleep in the same Cicero class."

"Thot you were a mind-reader," said Clarence M.

"So I am," replied Mary M.

"Well, why do you hesitate? Why don't you read my mind?"

"I'm searching for it."

Mary had a little lamb;

You've heard that fact before;

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

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At Student Council Trial

Burkhart (to Freshman): "What are you charged with?"

Freshie: "S-t-t-t-t, S-t-t-t-t."

Burkhart: "Mr. Epperson, what is this man charged with?"

Epperson: "I don't know but it sounds like he is charged with soda water."

Dorsey: "Mary, did you ever touch your tongue to a piece of cold iron?"

Mary: "Yes, and left a part of it, too."

Dorsey: "Well, you seem to have plenty left."

Junior: "We are to have a dressed leather binding for our Annual."

Senior: "Well, we had undressed leather."

Junior: "You see we are more modest than you."

Dorsey: "What is Aurora Borealis?"

Doc: "Prof., I did know, but I have forgotten."

Dorsey: "Well, it is too bad that the only one who ever knew has forgotten."

Butcher: "Hurry up, John. Break Mr. Williams' chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket."

John: "All right, sir; just as soon as I saw off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

If a body meet a body

Comin' through the hall,

Must a body greet a body

Not at all, at all.

Every laddie has a message for a lassies ear,

But all the Profs. and instructors say,

"Musn't do it here."

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Miss P.: (After the definition of revive had been given as "bring back.") "Well, if I found you out on the street and brought you back to school, would that be reviving you?"

Burkie: "No, it would extinguish me."

Miss Johnston, in Algebra: "Here we have four unknown quantities; x, y, v and u. Now which will we eliminate?"

Class, (in unison): "You."

Virchow: "I've got a beastly cold."

Doc M.: "Hard luck, bah Jove. Been going out in the cold without your monocle?"

Virchow: "No. Called on Freddy at his apartment and that wretched Newfoundland dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draft."

"Bill" Shakespeare scratched his head and pondered.

"I wonder if because I am a ham actor, the future ages will think my works are really Bacon."

A summer in Italy?

Yes, but how he longs for home,

For the eggs he had for breakfast

Were the "Lays of Ancient Rome."

If Sodium Chlor-ate poison

And then it went and died,

We would send it to the graveyard

And in the hearse would Sodium Chlo-ride.

'Twas at eve, the sky was blue,

Across the alley a Chinaman flew,

And from his bosom a sword he drew

And jabbed it into an oyster stew.

—Excerpt from "Poetry of the Stone Age," by Joseph James Stone.

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Letter From a Freshman

In which he tells his cousin Hank about the football game.
Dear Cousin Hank:

I take my pen in hand, to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am well and hope you are enjoyin' the same blessin'.

Well, I've tuck maw an paw ter a football game. I had a terrible time a gettin' maw inside because she heerd 'em a yellin' an it scared her. Said it sounded like th' iggorotes she seen at th' fair, but paw got th' tickets, an' I sort of shoved her along an' we got her in.

My, I hed a awful good time. I wish't I'd a went before. It's th' most excitin'est game. Maw don't like it. Paw does tho'. He stood next ter a bunch o' gals, an' they explained it all out to him an' tole him when ter yell. Maw said it would be a cold day when she went out with him again. A man of his age actin' that a way.

Now, I don't know much about th' game, but bein' as you never seen one I'll try an' explain it to you.

Well, first the other team come on th' field. They didn't do much only try an' chase the ball up an' down an' look cute at th' gals at th' same time, an' I guess that they got sort er mixed up. Least ways some of them did because they fell down.

Then our team come on. My, you ought ter a heard th' noise th' kids made. You remember how loud Fatty Harris use ter yell when we pushed him offen' th' spring board? Wall, this beat th' holler he made a mile.

Th' gals had funny little dinguses with "M. H. S." an' "Macon" on 'em in orange and black. One of the gals let Paw wave hers. May be that's what made maw so sot agin football.

Then some one blew a tin whistle, an' most all th' boys got down on their knees. Maw said she guest they was a sayin' their prayers only they didn't have that kind of a expreshun. Then one of them begun ter count an' the rest of them chased th' ball an' tried to keep time like you do when you sing, only they said numbers like 89, 87, 100 and so forth.

Wall, I tell you foot ball is shorely a funny game. First one man would grab th' ball an' then some fellar would get mixed up an' grab his feet so he couldn't go, an' jest as soon as he fell down, the kull bunch would set on him an' kick each other.

I would like ter play football, only I'd git a suit like the Knights use ter wear when they went out ter fight.

Wall, bye an' bye after th' men had fell in th' mud an' got their selves all dirty, then all guessed they was thirsty so they got in little

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bunches an' yelled fer some one ter bring 'em a drink. Maw said the' they was th' laziest bunch she ever see, but I didn't blame 'em a bit. She thought that was th' end of th' game, an' grabbed paw by th' arr ter take him hum, but I ast one of the gals, an' she said no, it was only th' end of th' first quarter. I looked but I couldn't see any 2 bits any where, only one boy hed a dollar, so I didn't jest git th' meanin' o' what she said, but every buddy else stayed so I made maw set down agin.

Wall, after they had drunk all th' water they wanted, they went an' all kneeled down agin, an' did all over jest what they'd did before, only our men looked awfull happy. I heard 'em talkin' about "the score," an' bein' sort er bashfull I asked paw ter find out fer me. So he asked one of th' gals. She said it was 15 to 0 in favor of M. H. S. I didn't know jest what score was, but it sounded good an' any how we 'uns was a gittin' th' most of it.

I haddn't been a yellin' any but one of th' gals sey "Sonny, why don't yer yell?" So I yelled.

I thot of what grandad use ter say when we kids hed et up all th' white meat ter th' turkey afore he could git ter it, an' I thot that it seemed fittin' an' I jes opened my mouth an' spelled "Hull Hog er None." Jest as loud as I could.

Well, they keps on fallin' in th' mud an' my land them suits was a sight. Maw said she felt sorry fer th' boy's maws when they come ter wash them suits, but I said not ter worry because they sent 'em ter th' laundry. She wanted some candy, but paw he spent a nickel buyin' gum fer th' gals so he said he couldn't afford it. I wonder why maw is so terrible sat agin' football.

Wall, they kep on till thar was only a few minutes left ter play. When one of our men grabbed th' ball an run so fast they couldn't enny of 'em grab him an' he just went a sailin' up th' field with all th' rest of 'em a trailin' along behind. He carried th' ball rite between 2 big tall fence posts that was slanted in th' ground, an' every buddy yelled like they was crazy. But I felt sorry fer th' men, he run so fast he was just plum played out.

You remember th' time we was a swipin' apples outen ole man Peterse's orchard an' th' dog got loose? Wall, he run faster than I run then.

After that they jest bunched up in one end of th' field an' kicked th' bal lover that little fence business then th' whistle blew an' th' game was over. Of corse we beat 'em. Paw wasn't in no hurry to leave th' grounds but maw she grabbed him an' said she guessed th' quicker he got out er thar th' better. I don't know what got in ter maw she acted so queer.

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Now Hank, I've explained what they done pretty good an' you see if you can't git up a team back thar. Even if you couldn't git but 4 or 5 boys at first, it fould do an' when I come hum I could learn you more about it.

Say, Hank, you know when I first come ter school? Wall, one day a great big fellar come up ter me and sez, "Say, Bud, yuh like apples don't yuh?" I looked at him an' sez, "Wall, yes, I like 'em middlin' well." "Wall," sez he, "you like greenings th' best, don't yuh?" "Wall," sez I, "I calculate I kin eat my share of 'em." Then he laffed an' went off. Now I wonder what he ment? I think he must a ment somethin' but I ain't quite sure. Do you know?

Wall, I guess I have writ all I kin fer this time. Say, if you ever come up I'll take you ter a football game, only you want to bring enuff money ter pay your way in.

Yer lovin' cousin,

SI SIMPLE.

P. S.—Maw says fer me ter tell you not ter come up Thanksgivin' because she hain't bin planning' ter kill more then 2 turkeys, an' if you come she'd have ter kill 3. So you come Christmas as we're goin' ter hev chicken then an' they ain't so occspensive. S. B. S.

Miss Resor: "How dare you swear before me?"

Doc. M.: "How in thunder did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Mr. Dorsey (in singing): "Now hold up your heads, open the windows and throw your chests out."

Joe Stone: "How long can a person live without brains?"

Mr. Dorsey: "How old are you?"

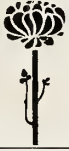
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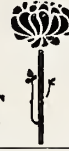
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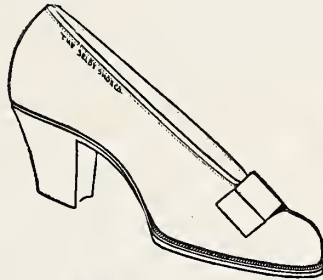
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Justice: "See here, what are you doing in my chicken roost?"

Mose: "Well, fer de lan's sakes, boss, I'se jes takin' de census."

—Ex.

Hello!

Hello!

"Are you No. 3751?"

"Aw gwan! What do you think I am, an automobile or a box car?"

Willie Miller: "Pa, what is the board of education?"

Pa: "When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,

And as far as we could learn

He stood in perfect safety

For he was far too green to burn.—Ex.

There was a little girl

And she had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead,

She wore it to a dance,

Where the blamed thing dropped by chance,

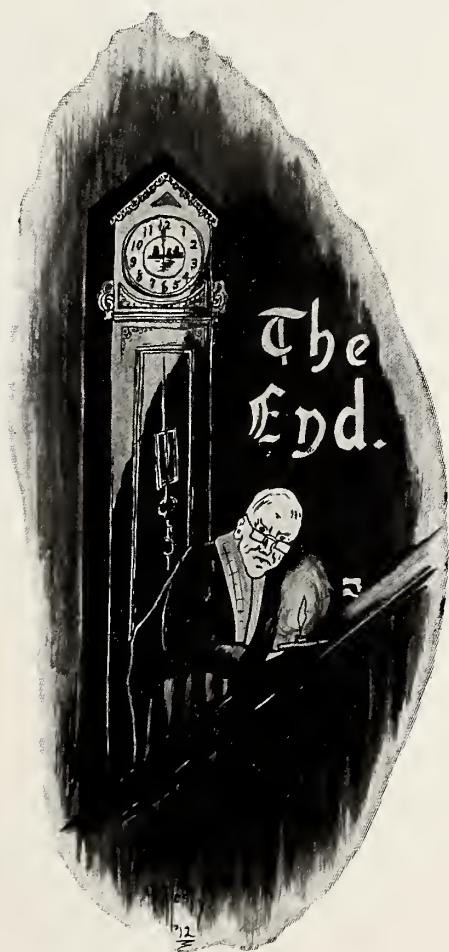
And the language that she thot was simply horrid. - Ex.

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